



ESTABLISHED JUNE 12, 1788.

Volume XXI.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 5, 1852.

Number 4,701.

POETRY.

"WAITING FOR THE FERRY."

BY MRS. MARY E. HEWITT.

Downward, with the midnight laden,
Through the rift the moon looks like a maiden,
Timid, glancing through her lattice bars,
On yonder shore a taper beaming
From a lofty casement, through the night,
With a bright and steady radiance gleaming,
Like a guiding beacon, pours its light.

Ferry! Ho! "a voice impatient crieth
Far across the water's sluggish sweep—
Ay! 't' the drowsy ferryman replieth,
Muttering, turning slow again to sleep.

And again the voice impetuous ringeth,
"Perry! through the darkness peeleth out;
While the bell beside the margin swingeth,
Clanging, mingles with the lonely shout.

Through the darkness now the heavens veiling,
All night long the low-lit beacon gleams;
It might long the bell tolls on undimmed,
While the boatman mutters "Ay!" and dreams—

Years, unnumbered, while the night deepeth,
How each lagging hour slow departs—
Till a fair bride for her true love pineth,
While the river flows beneath their hearts.

Years! roll down beneath your sorrow!
Though, while the sluggard Present sleeps,
And trust, still waiting for the morrow,
Hopeful through the gloom their vigil keeps.

The following is the "Farewell Song," written by
C. P. Cranch, and sung by Madame Gold-
smith, at her last concert in New York—
"Young land of hope—fair Western Star!
Whose light I hailed from climes afar—
I leave thee now—but twice for thee
One parting wreath of melody.
O take this offering of the heart
From one who feels 'tis said to part.

"And if it be that strains of mine
Have glided from my heart to thine,
My voice was but the breeze that swept
The spirit chords that in thee slept.
The music was not all my own—
Thou gavest back the answering tone.

"Farewell—when parted from thy shore,
Long absent scenes return once more;
Where'er the wanderer's home may be,
Still, still will memory turn to thee!
Bright Freedom's elms—I feel thy spell,
But I must say farewell—farewell!"

AGRICULTURE.

PLANTING FRUIT TREES FOR OTHERS.—
The Spaniards have a maxim, that a man
ungrateful to the past generation that
anted the trees from which he eats
fruit, and deals unjustly towards the next
generation, unless he plants the seed, that
may furnish food for those who come
after him. Thus when a son of Spain
is a peach or pear by the roadside,
wherever he is, he digs a hole in the
ground with his foot, and covers the seed.
Consequently all over Spain, by the roads-
ides and elsewhere, fruit in great abun-
dant tempts the taste, and is ever free.

Let this practice be imitated in our
country, and the weary wanderer will be
rested, and will bless the hand that min-
istered to his hand and comfort and joy.
We are bound to leave the world as good
a better than we found it, and he is a
fish churl who basks under the shadow,
and eats the fruit of trees which other
hands have planted, if he will not also
plant trees which shall yield fruit to com-
ing generations.—*Home Circle.*

POULTRY AND EGGS.—I do a small busi-
ness in raising and putting up garden
peas, and last fall, a year ago, as I was
peeling out some red pepper seeds in
my back yard, I threw the chucks and
half promiscuously about. I soon observed
my hens picking them up and swallowing
them with great avidity. They soon com-
menced laying eggs, though they had laid
none for a month before. I have fed them
two or three times a week since then, with
red pepper, and they have never yet stop-
ped laying, summer or winter, spring or
fall, except while they were hatching
their chickens; and I am confident, from
more than a year's experience, that, by
this method, hens may be made to lay
year round.—*Dollar Newspaper.*

DOWNING'S VARNISH.—This is a very
convenient and excellent article for any
use where you wish to protect a wound
on a tree from the air. It is made as
follows. Dissolve in alcohol enough shellac
to make it of the consistency of paint.—
Apply with a painter's brush. It ex-
cludes air and water, and is weather-
proof.

APPLE BORER.—The apple borer perfor-
ates the tree in small holes, and is de-
stroyed by tobacco-water and soap ap-
plied to the places punctured. Another way.—
Add to the above mixture sufficient sul-
phur to render it of the consistency of
whitewash, and with a stiff brush effectually
scour the body of the tree.

THE PIE PLANT.—A correspondent of
the *Indiana Farmer* expresses the opinion
based upon experiment, that the use of
ashes as the manure for the pie plant pro-
duces a more delicious plant than any
mode of culture; not being as sour, but
just containing enough acidity to make
them pleasant. The reason given for this
is, that the acid peculiar to the rhubarb is
neutralized in part by the alkali of the
ashes.

SKEETCHES.

MY WIFE'S NEW FRIEND.

BY SMITH JONES, JR.

Mrs. Jones has quite a habit of culti-
vating sudden friendships, which have ev-
ery appearance of blooming eternally, but
which soon wither in the world's cold
blasts. I used to think this characteristic
was confined to school-girls, who swear
immortal fidelity in letters crossed and re-
crossed, but forget each other as soon as
they have caught a lover.

My wife's last acquisition, in the way of
a bosom friend, is Mrs. Mortimer Mow-
bray, with whom she became acquainted
last summer, while we were boarding out
of town. Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray had
her carriage with her, and created quite a
sensation: in fact, every lady in the house
was eager to become her confidant; but the
amiable deportment of Mrs. Jones, com-
bined, I doubt not, with her intellectual ac-
complishments, rendered her the favorite,
and she it was who daily occupied the spare
seat in the coach and had the honor of ad-
vising Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray in those
thousand grave perplexities under which
women suffer.

We returned to the city after the Mow-
brays, but my wife, though usually very
firm on questions of etiquette, waived her
privileges on this occasion, and made the
first call. She was graciously received,
and came home in high spirits. All that
evening she could do nothing but talk of
Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray. "Such an elegant
establishment," she said. "A foot-
man, with manners like a prince, waited
at the door. The drawing-room was the
perfection of luxury and taste. Mrs. Mow-
bray had on such a sweet cap, and looked
so lady-like. Her manners were, indeed,
most aristocratic, just what one would
suppose those of a countess to be."

In a few days, Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray
returned my wife's call, coming in a shini-
ng new carriage, and with a new span of
horses. Her equipage created quite a sen-
sation in our street.

Mrs. Jones, soon after this, began to act
as if brooding over some vast design,
which was being put into execution, and
deemed it wisest to be silent respecting it.
At last, however, the mighty secret was
broached.

"I was thinking, Jones," she said, one
night, just as I was composing myself to
sleep on my pillow, "that we ought to
give a party. Not a regular ball, indeed,
but a select entertainment where a few
congenial minds may be brought together.
I should like to introduce my dear Mrs.
Mowbray to some of the choicest of our
set."

"We'll ask about thirty," continued my
wife, warning with the subject. "There's
Mrs. Wharton, and Mrs. Horace Shinn,
and Mrs. Price, and the three Misses Tre-
lawneys," and thus the dear creature ran
on, until she had mentioned about forty
names, and I saw that her "select party of
congenial souls" was going to be, after all,
a crowded room.

"You have forgotten the two Misses
Howell," I said, at last, when my wife
stopped for want of breath.

The two Misses Howell were amiable,
intelligent and pretty girls, in whom I took
a particular interest, because their father
had once been an extensive shipping mer-
chant, but having become reduced and
died bankrupt, the sisters were compelled
to earn a livelihood by standing in a store.
They had numerous rich relations on whom
they might have billeted themselves, but
with a spirit of proper independence, they
preferred to work for their maintenance,
instead of eating the bread of charity. I
had long nourished a romantic idea of
seeing them married well, and had conse-
quently made it a point always to invite
them to our parties; to praise them highly
to the young gentlemen there; and, in ev-
ery other indirect way, to assist in realiz-
ing my pet scheme.

"Ahem!" she said, at last, clearing her
throat, Ahem! The Misses Howell are
very nice girls to be sure—that is, in their
place—but as it is to be a select party, and
as I have already mentioned rather too
many, and as Mrs. Mowbray may not want
to meet all sorts of people, and at—"

"Stop, my dear," said I, with a sigh,
for I saw that my favorites were not to be
invited, "you have given reasons enough.
It is a great pity though."

"Mr. Jones, do listen to reason. You
don't know how foolish you make your-
self about those Howell girls. They're
very unfortunate to be sure; and they're
very valuable, indeed; but there's a preju-
dice, you are aware against girls who stand
in stores; and who knows but what Mrs.
Mowbray would take offence at my invit-
ing such persons to meet her. I shouldn't like
to do it, indeed, without first asking her;
and I can't do that this time. She's very
particular, and so excessively high-bred."

"Then I don't think she'd regard you
the less my dear," I ventured to say, "for
being acquainted with two such excellent
girls as Patty and Lizzy Howell."

"Mr. Jones, don't be a child," replied
my wife flinging herself to the other side
of the bed. "At your age you should
know something of the world. Exclusive
people, like Mrs. Mowbray, don't care, to
meet nobodies. She was very choice, as
you saw, whom she admitted to her ac-
quaintance this summer: I may say, in-
deed, that I am the only one, of all she
met, whom she recognizes now."

To have protracted the conversation
would have excited my wife's nerves, and
deprived her of sleep, so I said no more,
but closed my eyes and courted slumber
anew. I have no recollection of anything
after that, till I woke the next morning,
and leaving Mrs. Jones as usual,
went down to see that the fires were right,
and to do the marketing while breakfast
was being prepared.

The invitations to the party were issued
that week, Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray gra-
ciously promising to attend.

When the important evening arrived,
my wife was all nerves. At every ring
of the bell, the color rose to her face with
expectation, but guest after guest entered
without Mrs. Mowbray appearing. Her
nervousness soon began to change to an-
xiety, and this as the hours wore on, to
disappointment and dismay. She delayed
the supper for a full hour, thinking that
her new friend might yet arrive; but in
vain.

"What can be the matter, I wonder,"
she said to me, as soon as we were alone.—
"I hope the dear babe is well. Perhaps,
however, Mrs. Mowbray is herself sick.—
Dear me, I am afraid I shall not sleep
for anxiety. The first thing I'll do to-
morrow will be to call on Mrs. Mowbray
and see what is the matter."

"Wouldn't that be against etiquette?"
I ventured to ask. "It seems to me that
Mrs. Mowbray should send you a note, or
message, or something of that sort, at
least, to apologize for her absence."

Mrs. Jones did not reply in words, but
she gave me a look. And such a look!
It expressed all the indignation, which her
outraged bosom felt, at having the slight-
est suspicion cast upon her friend.

When I came home to dinner that day,
I saw, at a glance, that something had
occurred to ruffle my wife's nerves. She
had nothing whatever to say to me, but
she scolded the servants and children in-
cessantly. I was too wise to inquire
what was wrong.

But, the next day, having heard some-
thing that cast light on Mrs. Mowbray's
absence from our party, I could not con-
tain myself when I came home.

"Did you ever hear, my love," I said,
as I began to carve the turkey, at dinner
"that the Misses Howell had a married
sister?"

Mrs. Jones looked sharply up, as if she
suspected I meant more than I said; and
then answered laconically:

"I heard it casually, but never asked
further."

"It seems," I continued, "that Mrs.
Mortimer Mowbray is that sister."

"I've heard so since," said Mrs. Jones,
sharply; and turning to our second child,
who was asking for the wing-bone, she rap-
ped him over the head, exclaiming, tartly,
"haven't I told you to wait till you're help-
ed? Take that, now, and learn manners!"

I allowed a minute and more to elapse
in order that my wife's ebullition might
subside, when I remarked:

"Mrs. Mowbray, it seems, expected to
meet her sisters here."

"I shouldn't wonder if she did," snap-
pishly said Mrs. Jones, looking down in
her plate, and apparently absorbed in part-
ing a wing-joint.

"When she found," I continued, "that
her sisters were not asked, she grew in-
dignant. She heard the reason it seems.
Your friend, Mrs. Wharton, whom you
had made a confidant, told some lady, who
told her; and hence her anger."

"I am sure I don't care if I ever see the
proud thing again," said my wife, reddening
very much; but still without looking up.
"One could not have supposed that she
was a sister to the Misses Howell."

After another pause I said:

"Did you call on Mrs. Mowbray, as you
intended?"

Mrs. Jones was silent for a full minute,
and seemed half disposed to decline an-
swering altogether; but finally she blurted
out her reply, as follows:

"Yes I did since you must know. And
she wasn't in. So, at least, the footman
said, but if I didn't see her at the draw-
ing-room window," and here she burst into
tears of mortification and rage, "may I
never eat another mouthful!"

I saw that it would not do to continue
the conversation; so I quietly ate my dinner,
kissed the children, and, like Christian in
the Pilgrim's Progress, "went my way."

Of course the intimacy of my wife with
Mrs. Mowbray ceased from the date of that
fatal party; and, I am sorry to say, that
the Misses Howell also have, as the phrase
goes, "cut our acquaintance."

MISCELLANEOUS.

BOOTS AND SHOES IN PARIS.

The number of boot and shoe makers in
Paris, in 1847, was 6052. The business
of that year amounted to about 8,500,000
dollars. The number of operatives was
20,929, viz.: 13,782 men, 6,713 women,
358 boys, and 76 girls. The average trade
of the manufacturers, was about 1,400
dollars. Eighteen houses transacted busi-
ness to the amount of 40,000 dollars;
thirty-six houses to the amount of from
20,000 to 40,000 dollars; ninety-seven
houses to the amount of from 10,000 to
20,000 dollars; 255 houses to the amount
of from 5,000 to 10,000 dollars; 609
houses to the amount of from 2,000 to 5,-
000 dollars; 417 houses to the amount of
from 1,000 to 2,000 dollars; and 4,620
houses to the amount of 1,000 dollars and
less. Those who are acquainted with the
boot and shoe business as conducted in
the United States, will see at once by this
statement, that it is much less subdivided
here than in France. I can also add from
personal information, that Americans con-
duct it much more systematically than
Frenchmen. In fact, labor is so much
more expensive in America than in France,
that a more systematic division of it is ab-
solutely necessary here. A good shoe-
maker in New York or Massachusetts, can
earn from a dollar and a quarter to a dollar
and a half per day, with ease; and a shoe-
binder at all familiar with his business, can
earn fifty cents per day. But there, the
case is widely different, as will be seen
from the following.

The number of workmen whose wages
were accurately ascertained in 1847, was
13,684; and their wages averaged but 56
cents per day. To be more particular,
108 workmen received from 15 to 37 cents
per day; 5,702 received from 60 cents to
a dollar per day; and 48 received from a
dollar and ten cents to a dollar and eighty
cents per day. The number of women
whose wages were accurately ascertained
the same year, was 5,465. Of these, 7
received from 8 to 10 cents per day; 118 re-
ceived from 12 to 18 cents per day; 4,490
received from 20 to 35 cents per day; 718
received from 40 to 60 cents per day; and
added, that in Paris a working day with
most mechanics is at least fourteen hours;
whereas in America it rarely exceeds twelve
and frequently is not more than ten. Now
in order to compete with this low rate of
wages, as also with the comparatively low
prices of leather and other materials, our
American manufacturers—always fertile,
above all others, in expedients, have estab-
lished factories on such a large scale, and
have so systematized and economized (not
to labor the objectionable word "organized")
labor that, with a small duty on foreign
boots and shoes, they can compete, and in-
deed do compete, with all the world.

The best paid workmen among the boot
and shoe-makers of Paris, are those who
work on patent leather boots. These gain
about a dollar and ten cents per day. The
work requires great skill and consummate
care; for the boots of this description are
usually of great elegance; and a slip of
the needle, or the knife, or, especially, the
finishing tools, is likely to ruin a pair in an
instant, in which case the loss falls entire-
ly upon the artisan. The workers on sec-
ond quality patent leather boots gain about
95 cents per day; those upon patent leath-
er shoes 75 cents per day; while those
upon the best calfskin boots earn about 80
cents per day. The workmen who gain
the least are the ordinary shoe makers who
rarely earn more than from 40 to 45 cents
per day. Thousands of them earn only 30
to 40 cents per day; and after a shoe-mak-
er attains the age of 40 years, his earn-
ings seldom exceed 20 cents per day.—
Out of this must be deducted the expense
of needles, thread, wax and rosin, costing
about three cents per day, and which, as
should have been stated first, every boot
and shoe-maker has to pay himself. When
any one connected with this craft gets out
of work he goes to a central bureau estab-
lished for this purpose and procures the
card of some employer in want of hands,
for which card he has to pay 10 cents.—
Many remain out of work for days and
even weeks. The workmen who earn the
most are those who make satin shoes.—
Those frequently earn sixty-five cents per
day; their average wages are fifty cents.—
The work-women who earn the least are
common shoe-binders, who gain from 15 to
20 cents per day.

It should now be said that there is a
large class of workmen and workwomen
who naturally come under the category of
shoe-makers, but who are not included in
the above account. I allude to the makers
of wooden shoes, (called *sabots*) galoches
or clogs, and common list or braided shoes.
The making of these is an immense busi-
ness in France, inasmuch as the luxury of
leather shoes is far too expensive for the
French peasantry. But the manufacture
is generally carried on in the country.—
The transactions of the year amounted to
about \$720,000.

A DAUGHTER'S MARRIAGE.

The departure of a son from beneath
the paternal roof does not present any spec-
tacle of desolation. Masculine life has,
from infancy, an individuality, an inde-
pendence, an exultation, so to say, which is
essentially wanting to female existence.—
When a son abandons his parents, to cre-
ate for himself a separate interest, this sepa-
ration causes but little interruption in their
mutual relations. A man marries, and
still maintains his friendships, his habits,
and his filial affections. Nothing is
charged in his life; it is only an additional
tie. His departure is consequently a mere
simple separation; while the departure of
a young girl, become the wife of a few
hours, is a real desertion—a desertion with
all its duties and feelings still fresh about
it. In one word, the son is a sapling
which has always grown apart from the
trunk; while the daughter has, on the con-
trary, formed an essential portion of it, and
to detach her from her place is to mutilate
the tree itself. You have surrounded her
youth with unexpressed tenderness—the
exhaustless tenderness of your paternal and
maternal hearts; and she, in return, has
appeared to pour forth upon you both an
equally inexhaustible gratitude; you loved
her beyond all the world, and she seemed
to cling to you with a proportionate affec-
tion. But one day, one ill-omened day, a
man arrives, invited and welcomed by
yourselves; and this man of your own
choice carries off to his domestic eyry your
gentle dove, far from the soft nest which
your love had made for her, and to which
her had clung. On the morrow you look
around you, you listen, you await, you
seek for something which you cannot find.
The cage is empty; the tuneful linnet has
 flown; silence has succeeded to its melo-
dious warblings; it does not come as it
did only on the previous morning, flut-
tering its perfumed wings about your pillow,
and awakening you by its soft caresses.—
Nothing remains but a painful calm, a
painful silence, a painful void. The cham-
ber of the absent darling offers only that
disorder which it is so melancholy for a
mother to contemplate; not the joyous
and impatient disorder of occupation, but
sterile and unproductive idleness. The
no longer prized; chairs heaped with
half-worn dresses; drawers left partially
open, and ransacked to their remotest
corners; a bed in which no one has slept;
a crowd of charming trifles, which the
young girl loved, but which the young
wife despises, and which are littered over
the carpet like the feathers dropped by the
timid bird's prey. Such is the depressing
sight which wrings tears from the
mother's heart. Nor is this all: from this
day she occupies only the second place in
the affections of her departed idol; and
even that merely until the happiness of
maternity shall have taught her whom she
weeps to assign to her one still lower.—
This man, this stranger, unknown a few
months, it may be but a few weeks pre-
viously, has assumed a right over affections
which were once entirely her own; few
hours of fleeting, and it may be of assumed
tenderness have, in a great degree, sufficed
to efface twenty long years of watchful-
ness, of care, and of self-abnegation; and
they have not only rent away her right to
be the first and best beloved, but they have
also deprived her of the filial caresses, the
gentle attention, and the adored presence
of the heart's idol, whom she has herself
given to him for life. Nothing is left to
the mother but the attachment of respect.
All the warmer emotions are engrossed by
the husband, to whom his young bride
owes alike obedience and devotedness. If
she loves him, she leaves her home with-
out regret, to follow his fortunes to the end
of the world; if she does not love him, she
will perform the same duty with resigna-
tion. Nature and law alike impose the
obligation on her, and her own heart must
decide whether it will constitute her joy
or her trial; but in either case the result
to the mother is the same. Nor can that
mother reproach her with this painful pre-
ference, for she has reared her in the con-
viction of the necessity of marriage; she
has herself offered to her its example in her
own person; Heaven itself has pointed it
out as a duty whose omission is culpable;
and therefore, far from venturing to wish
that the lost one should restore to her all
the tenderness which time and habit may
enable her to withdraw from her husband,
the mother is bound, on the contrary, to
pray that they may every day become dear-
er to each other, even at the expense of
her own happiness. This misfortune is
the mother's last blessing.

I doubt whether he will find the way to
heaven who desires to go there alone; all
heavenly hearts are charitable: enlighten-
ed souls cannot but diffuse their rays. I
will, if I can, do something for others and
for heaven; not to merit by it, but to ex-
press my gratitude. Though I cannot do
what I would, I will labour to do what I
can.—*Feltbam.*

DRESSING.

To the uninitiated, who do not under-
stand the term, we say that dressing is
persevering, personal solicitation on the
part of jobbers or persons hired by them to
induce strangers, or country merchants,
just arriving, to buy goods of the particular
house making the application.

A tall, hearty-looking countryman, dress-
ed in a claret colored coat, with bright
buttons, very short waisted, and ending
high up on the pantaloons in a very nar-
row skirt—a round top, white wool hat,
with an extremely wide brim—a very
fanciful colored vest, that seemed to have
had a quarrel with the pantaloons, which
latter were of brown cloth, cut to hug the
figure, and resting on a very serviceable
pair of boots—called for lodgings at—
Hotel, and entered his name on the books,
as "Joseph Stubbs, III." As soon as he
had laid down his pen, a very gentleman-
ly looking man, a drummer for a dry goods
house, stepped up to him and opened a
conversation with him.

Drummer.—We have had a very warm
day, Mr. Stubbs.

Stubbs, (nothing abashed).—Well, it
has been warm a few.

D. (cautiously).—You are on to buy
goods I suppose?

S.—Well, I reckon to buy a few notions
before I go home.

D.—Have you been long in the trade?

S.—Well, I've been trading off and on
ever since I was a boy.

D. (with assumed carelessness).—You
buy on credit I suppose?

S.—No, I always pay my way as I go—
that is my motto.

D. (respectfully).—And a very good one
it is; take a segar, sir.

S.—I don't mind if I do.

And lighting a couple of regalias, the
two became quite confidential, and Stubbs
is enlightened on the subject of the city
trade generally, and more particularly the
way that "Dash, Splash & Co." (drum-
mer's employers), transact their immense
business, and the true secret—which he is
not permitted to divulge—of their being
able to defy competition and undersell all
their neighbors.

As the drummer is treated to a bottle
of country cider, he is treated to a bottle
of country cider. In the evening, arm in arm
with his new found companion, he visits
the opera, and though the most fashionable
portion of playgoers are out of town, he is
infinitely amused. In the forenoon, he is
determined to "see the lions" before he
will be induced to visit the store; so he is
taken in a carriage to Laurel Hill, Girard
College, the Fairmount Water Works, the
Mint, etc., for all of which, as it costs him
nothing, he is of course very grateful.

After a day or two of gratuitous enjoy-
ment he consents to visit the store. Of
course, he is introduced to all hands, who
profess themselves very happy in his ac-
quaintance, and at length Mr. Dash, who
has him in hand, comes to business.

Dash.—Well, Mr. Stubbs, what will you
look at first?

Stubbs.—Have you any woollen shawls,
yarlor or red, striped or cross-barred?

S.—How much is the damage on these?

D.—These, sir, are a very fine article,
of our own importation, (hem!) we will sell
them to you, sir, at five dollars.

S.—Can't you say four for cash?

D.—We can't indeed, Mr. Stubbs, they
cost us more to import.

S.—Well, I'll take this one. Now show
me a first chop delaine.

D.—Here is a case of very fine colors,
at thirty cents, all new style, and warrant-
ed fast colors.

S.—This will do exactly: cut me eight
yards of this ere one.

D. (looking a little blank).—But we
don't cut these goods, Mr. Stubbs.

S.—W-h-e-w! then I'm up!

D. (beginning to show some chagrin).—
What else will you look at, sir?

S.—I don't want nothing else, unless it
is a comforter for John to wear around his
neck. I think I should buy him stuff for
a pair of breeches, but I've been told by a
chap from a clothing store, that they'll
come cheaper ready made. I was going
to buy two or three dresses for the old wo-
man, but as you don't sell less than a piece,
why I'm flummoxed, and must try some-
where else.

D. (drawing his hat very fiercely over
his eyes). Mr. Stubbs, there is some mis-
take here; I thought you told my young
man that you were in the dry goods trade.

S. (his little grey eyes twinkling like
fixed stars).—I never said any thing about
dry goods at all. I told him I had been
trading off and on since I was a boy, and so
I have; but I never traded in nothing drier
than horses. I am sorry you are disappoint-
ed, as the young man was so perlitte.—
Here is the money for the shawl. If any
of you should happen out our way, call in;
if I ain't to hum, the old woman will be
glad to see you.

And with a very polite bow, Mr. Stubbs
departed, to look up the rest of his "few
notions."

PROFANITY.

There is probably no nation under the
sun so addicted to the ridiculous habit of
profane swearing as the Americans.—
The sturdy old Saxon tongue is peculiarly
rich in terms capable of expressing the
strong emotions and passions of the soul,
and therefore easily perverted from their
legitimate use for the purpose of ex-
pressing the evil passions of the human
heart. Our stern and pious Puritan an-
cestors would certainly have been horror-
struck had they dreamed of the numerous
profane expletives used by many of their
degenerate descendants, to strengthen the
simple, strong old English used by their
forefathers. Some persons become so ad-
dicted to the pernicious habit of profane
swearing, that to break them of it, it be-
comes almost necessary to stop their talk-
ing at all. The story of the sailor, who
became converted, and on attempting to
pray, mixed a plentiful variety of oaths
in his address to the Deity, may be a fic-
tion, but some men are so addicted to
the practice that it would be nothing very
strange were it true. Many boys adopt
the practice of spicing their conversation
with a plentiful supply of oaths and
curses, from the very mistaken idea that
it is manly to swear—boys, too, who
would not dare to swear in the presence
of their parents, will get so habituated to
this custom as to almost make the passer-
by shudder as their horrid imprecations
fall on his ear. There is a natural propen-
sity in the human heart to try to
strengthen language with something stron-
ger than simple assertion. This reminds
us of the lad who was punished at school
for adding "I swan" to almost every sen-
tence of his conversation. While he was
sobbing with pain from the punishment, his
teacher asked him if he would say "I swan"
any more; in tones of heartfelt sincerity
he replied—"No, I swan, I won't!"

This habit—like most bad habits—is so
easily acquired by thoughtless people, that
it may almost be said to come natural.—
Parrots, it is said, learn to curse in distinct
phrases much more readily than they learn
other repetitions. Domestic animals even,
when at first they seem to utter such such
language and no other. An ox that has
been accustomed to be sworn at, will pay
very little attention to a mere "Haw, gee,
buck;" it is altogether too simple.

Not to speak of the sin of swearing, it is
a foolish, unmanly, and perfectly useless
habit, which no gentleman will use, and we
would advise all those boys who have not
become addicted to this practice to avoid
every unnecessary expletive, and everything
in the shape of an oath; and to those who
have contracted the habit, we would say,
quit it as soon as possible, for no

CALIFORNIA NEWS.

The steamer *Northern Light* and *United States*, arrived at New York 2d inst., with 694 passengers, \$224,765 in gold dust, and California dates to the 6th of May.

The *Northern Light* is at quarantine, having the small pox on board.

The steamer *Columbia* sailed from San Francisco the 5th of May, with 181 passengers and \$173,000 in gold dust, and the *United States* sails.

The *Winfield Scott* left San Francisco on the 6th of May, with 600 passengers, and arrived at Panama on the 21st. Left at Aspinwall steamers *Crescent City* and *Philadelphia*, waiting the arrival of the *Columbia*.

The San Francisco papers contain but few items of interest.

The California Legislature has passed the odious fur inspection bill, as also a bill appropriating \$60,000 for the payment of the Indian war claims. The Senate joint resolutions on the compromise measures, were also passed in the House.

The dreaded anniversary of the great fire at San Francisco has passed quietly away, though so great was the fear of the inhabitants that a similar calamity would visit them at that time, that all the engines of the city were ranged in the street, with ropes stretched out.

Intelligence from Shasta reports the killing of 150 Indians by the whites, who were infuriated at the murder, by the former, of a Mr. Anderson.

A memorial signed by many of the most substantial citizens of San Francisco and dependencies deprecating heavy legislation in the matter of Chinese emigration has been presented to the Legislature. In the meantime intelligence from Sacramento announces that great excitement with regard to the Chinese gold diggers, exists along the banks of the American river, and their forcible expulsion from the diggings is taking place daily. On one morning a body of 200 were driven from one locality. There is but one opinion among the American miners in regard to the importation of Chinese into the mines, and they are fully determined to submit to it no longer.

The Legislature has closed its session. Ripe oranges, of delicious flavor, raised near San Francisco, are in the market.

It was rumored in the city that the commissioners appointed to procure a site for the custom house, had selected the two lots bounded by Washington, Jackson and Front streets.

The population of San Francisco had increased nearly 6000 during the month of April. Of this about one half come from China.

The U. S. sloop-of-war *Vincennes*, sailed from San Francisco on the 3d of May for home, via Valparaiso.

The propeller *Monumental City*, was sent from Acapulco to San Juan del Sud by Mr. Vanderliff's agent, to take away 800 passengers who were sent forward for the steamer *North America*. The *United States* Court would admit the *Monumental City* to carry 250 passengers—but she took on 580, which, with a crew and servants, amounting to nearly a hundred more, so crowded her, that thirteen persons died in six days—twenty were left at Acapulco sick, and twenty or thirty more purchased tickets on the Pacific Mail Steamship Co.'s boats. Among the names of those who died, so far as heard from, are Rev. J. W. L. Barber, of R. L. Albert W. Hopkins of Rhode Island.

The weather has been favorable for mining, and the accounts from the diggings were generally satisfactory.

Dates a few days later from the Sandwich Islands have been received. Great excitement existed at Honolulu in consequence of a current report that the Chilean colony in the Magellan Straits, who lately revolted, were on a piratical cruise after American vessels in the Pacific. Application had been made by Mr. Wylie, of the foreign office, to Capt. Gardner, of the sloop-of-war *Vandalia*, requesting him to delay his departure until the arrival of the *St. Marys*. Capt. G. consented, and in the meantime the officers of the *Vandalia* were drilling the troops in the garrison.

CONGRESSIONAL.

WASHINGTON, Friday, May 28.

SENATE.—The consideration of the deficiency bill was resumed. The pending amendment was that making an appropriation of \$33,000 a trip to the Collins line of steamers instead of the present allowance, with the proviso that it shall be in the power of Congress at any time after the 31st of December, 1854, to terminate the arrangement for the additional allowance herein provided for upon giving six months notice.

Amendments to the clause were moved and rejected; and finally the Collins amendment was agreed to, as above mentioned—yeas 27, nays 19.

Various other amendments were acted on, when the bill was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

The bill to enable the government to deepen the passage of the Mississippi river was passed.

The Senate adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE.—The House resumed the consideration of the bill granting right of way and land to Missouri to aid in the construction of the St. Joseph and St. Louis Railroad. The bill passed—yeas 103, nays 76. It appropriates about 2,000,000 acres.

Mr. Hall moved to reconsider the vote, and to lay the motion on the table, which finally prevailed—yeas 99, nays 73. So the vote was clinched.

The House then went into committee, and took up the Indian appropriation bill, and Messrs. Campbell, of Indiana, and Clark addressed the committee.

The committee rose, and the House adj.

WASHINGTON, Monday, May 31.

SENATE.—Mr. Mangum moved that when the Senate adjourn it adjourn until Thursday. Agreed to.

The deficiency bill was then taken up, the question being on the third reading.

A debate ensued, after which the bill was passed.

The Missouri Railroad bill, which the House then came up, and an earnest effort was made to concur in their amendment and pass it, but no quorum being present, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—A motion to reconsider the vote rejecting the Iowa railroad bill was adopted—yeas 110, nays 50.

A motion that when the House adjourn to-morrow, it adjourn to Friday, was adopted, and the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, June 1.

HOUSE.—The House met at 12 o'clock; about 100 members were present. The deficiency bill, with the Senate amendments thereto, was received and referred to the Committee of Ways and Means.

The Speaker then called upon the committees for reports. Messrs. Hall, Cobb of Alabama, and others, from the Committee on Public Lands, made various reports, none of which however, were of general interest.

The House, shortly after one o'clock, adjourned till Friday.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, June 3.

SENATE.—The chair laid before the Senate a communication from the President enclosing information on the files of the departments relating to some claims; also a report from the secretary of war in reply to a resolution of the Senate, enclosing estimates for the improvement of St. Clair from the Secretary of the Navy, announcing that a contract for the removal of the wreck of steamer *Missouri* for \$80,000 had been complied with.

Mr. Dawson reported a joint resolution giving to the city of Savannah, Ga., certain waste unoccupied grounds in that city, formerly occupied by government, and the same was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

The bill granting land to Missouri for certain railroads in that state was taken up. The question pending was a motion concurring in the House amendment. Mr. Cooper withdrew his demand for the yeas and nays, and the House amendment was concurred in.

YELLOW FEVER AT RIO JANEIRO.—Dates from Rio Janeiro report the fever as abating at that place. Capt. Benjamin, of the ship *John Jay*, died on the 10th, of the fever. Capt. J. D. Thompson, late of the ship *Fiber* of Boston, condemned, died on board the *Greyhound* on the 3d inst., also of fever. John Davis, the first officer of the *Greyhound*, late of ship *John Jay*, also died at Rio.

POPULATION OF FALL RIVER.—We learn from Guilford H. Hathaway, Esq., of the Board of Assessors, that the present population of this town is 11,600. In 1851, it was 10,786. Gain this year, 814. The greatest population the town ever had was in 1847, when the number was 11,646. The present year, it is up to the mark into 46. "Go ahead!"—*Fall River News*.

From Utah a private letter says that the Mormons intend to form an alliance with the Indians and excite them against the government, and that they are now preparing for a conflict. Many of the Mormons say they have fled for the last time—that they will die where they are!

A gentle young man from Bologna, having lingered in prison at Rome two years among the vilest of criminals, without knowing the charge brought against him, threw himself from a window of the second story upon the stone pavement, and dashed out his brains.

MORE EFFECTS OF THE "RAPPINGS."—The *Syracuse Star*, says that a highly respectable young lady of that city has been sent to the Utica Lunatic Asylum in consequence of aberration of mind, caused by attending the rapping demonstrations in that city.

NOVEL ALARM SHIP.—A perpetual bell ringer is to be anchored off Cape Hatteras to warn mariners approaching those dangers in foggy times, or indeed at all times, for the vessel is so constructed, and the bell so hung, that the motion of the waves will cause it constantly to ring.

An itemizer, at an evening sewing party reports that one young lady made the exclamation, "I thought I should have died! one hundred and twenty-eight times; and she put the inquiry, "Did you ever?" one hundred and thirty-seven times.

SCHOONER SKYLARK, from New Orleans for Corpus Christi, with a cargo of U. S. Government stores, went ashore on Arkansas Bar, Texas, on the 7th inst., and was a total loss. The passengers and crew were all saved.

BY THE MAIL.

IMPRISONMENT OF AMERICAN SEAMEN. J. Clarke, master of the brig *Joseph Albion* gives the following account of the imprisonment of three seamen from the brig *Lucy Watts*, of Warren, Me. The letter says: "The brig *Lucy Watts*, (of Warren, Me.) was, while loading at Sagua la Grande, was visited by orders of the Spanish Government, and one of the seamen taken out, on the ground that he was a deserter from a Spanish man-of-war. The day following, the captain was ordered to present himself at the town, with two more of his crew, which he did, and these two men were taken from him and put into prison along with the first man taken, while the captain could get no answer to his inquiries why this was done.

Capt. Watts applied to the American Consul, as agent, and he addressed a letter to the authorities asking that the man should be restored to the vessel, and stating that the Captain was prevented from loading his vessel and that he should make a protest against the act. The answer the Consul received was that the authority which took the men from the vessel was competent to take men from the vessel of any nation, and that the men would not be sent on board again; and that if Captain Watts made any protest, he would render himself liable to be taken from his vessel, put under arrest, and sent to Havana.

Capt. Watts did not know what the result would be, though it was certain that the vessel would not be allowed to leave it unless she paid all the expenses of the imprisonment of his men, as well as those incurred in taking them from the vessel to the town, which is twenty miles from the Bay.

These facts can be proved by all the masters of vessels then laying in the port of Sagua la Grande, and the protest of Capt. Watts was signed by some ten of them.

THE EDITOR OF THE BURLINGTON, N. J. GAZETTE had an introduction, a few days since, to a venerable tortoise, which bore upon its shell the initials of a resident of that township, who died long since, purporting to have been cut in the year 1774, two years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. There might be some ground for incredulity in the matter, were it not for the fact that the same animal bears the initial of another citizen still living, cut in 1820. The tortoise was found upon the farm of John C. Deaco, Esq., where he has been known for forty years. This last date was cut by the brother of Mr. D., and the first by his grandfather. It is impossible to ascertain the age of this animal, for the first date appears to have been cut after he had attained his full size. He inhabits a meadow at the lower end of the farm, and rarely leaves it, except when taken to the mansion. He appeared to be in excellent health, and was as lively as others of his species are generally reported to be. Talk about your Old Foggies, here's one of em, certain.

FACTORY BURNED.—The cotton factory in North Oxford, owned and occupied by Waterman A. Fisher of Worcester, was entirely consumed by fire on Saturday evening, with most of its machinery, stock, and manufactured goods. The fire was the work of an incendiary. The mill run fifty looms. The building and contents were insured for \$5000 at the Manufacturing Association, 24 North St., \$2500 at another office in Providence.

SALE OF MANUFACTURING PROPERTY AT VALLEY FALLS.—The large and valuable estate at Valley Falls, in the town of Smithfield, R. I., heretofore owned and occupied by Henry Marchant, has been sold to Messrs. S. B. & H. Chace, who took possession of the same on Wednesday last. This estate, in connection with what the Messrs. C. owned previously will give them the control of the entire water power of the Blackstone river at Valley Falls.

HOUSE BREAKING.—The house of Mrs. Commodore Turner, at Portsmouth, was invaded on Tuesday morning, between 12 and 1 o'clock, by two burglars, by the way of the piazza, one of whom attempted ineffectually to enter the rear of the chamber, where she sat reading, and the other made an entrance through the entry window of the second story. She rose and opened a front window, rang a bell and cried fire and they leaped to the ground and escaped.

DISGRACEFUL.—On Tuesday night last some evil disposed persons sawed off all the Telegraph posts in this town, from Kelley's bridge to the Bristol line. The line has not been in operation for a year or two, for the reason that no one could be found to operate it for the emoluments of the office. A love of mischief appears to have been the only incentive which caused the disgraceful act. The penalty under our law is very severe.—*Warren Star*.

SOUTHERN PINES.—That the lumber business is becoming a very important element in Southern exports, is apparent from the fact mentioned by a correspondent at Jacksonville, Florida, that there is cut daily at that place and neighborhood, by steam mills, 75,000 to 100,000 feet of lumber, and that at the time of writing there were five or six ships loading with lumber.

A perfect candidate for matrimony was the lady of whom the poet said: "She had read Her father's well filled library with profit, And could talk charmingly; then she could sing And play, too, passably and dance with spirit; Yet she was knowing in all needle work, And shone in dairy and in kitchen, too, As in the parlor."

Captain Gen. of Provincetown, with a crew of townsmen, started into the bay on Friday last on a cruise for whales, and captured a right whale, which yielded about 75 bbls. of oil. The whalebone was eight feet long. The oil and bone are worth about \$2000.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE AT NEW YORK. The stock for the erection of this building, \$200,000, has been all subscribed for, and the place will be opened in May 1853.—This is a great enterprise, and cannot fail of being a successful one.

A writer in a city paper "imagines" that Cincinnati will be "clear of debt within the next ten years." Pecksniff once imagined that pickled onions grew on trees!

An Advertisement in a newspaper is like a circle in the water—continually spreading itself—throw in your "rocks" and try it.

NEWPORT MERCURY.

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 5, 1852.

At a Meeting of the Town of Newport, holden at the State House, on Tuesday June 1st 1852, at 10 o'clock, A. M. William H. Cranston and C. G. Perry Esqrs. were severally nominated for Moderator, and after a vote by ballot, Wm. H. Cranston Esq. was elected Moderator.

Benj. R. Howland, elected Town Clerk.

Motion to proceed to election of Town Council alone, passed, and polls opened. Motion to close polls for Council at 5 P. M. passed. Resolutions offered by Geo. W. Taylor to instruct Representatives to Gen. Assembly from this Town, on Maine Law, Moved to indefinitely postpone the resolution.—Hand vote 48 to postpone, 101 against postponing. Moved they now pass—103 to pass, 28 against, so the Resolutions passed.

On the petition of Silas H. Debois for relief on his contract with Geo. H. Wilson, for work on Public School House, moved to refer to committee of three. Committee, Daniel C. Denham, James A. Green, and Benj. Marsh, to report on Wednesday morning.

Public School Report read and received.

At 15 minutes past 8, the polls closed and ballots counted.

FOR TOWN COUNCIL.

Whole number of 1st Council man,	558
Necessary to a choice,	330
Clark Burdick,	838
William Brownell,	304
Scattering,	16
Clark Burdick elected by 8 majority.	
Whole number of votes for 2d Council man,	669
Necessary to a choice,	336
Thomas Spooner,	301
James A. Green,	190
Geo. C. Shaw,	171
Scattering,	7
No choice.	
Whole vote for 3d Council man,	677
Necessary to a choice,	339
Seth W. Macy,	296
Silas H. Cottrell,	199
Alex. McGregor,	174
Scattering,	8
No choice.	
Whole vote for 4th Council man,	672
Necessary to a choice,	337
Philip Stevens,	293
Benj. Finch,	201
Elisha Atkins,	173
Scattering,	4
No choice.	
Whole vote for 5th Council man,	671
Necessary to a choice,	336
Joseph B. Weaver,	299
William Brownell,	194
Clarke Weaver,	173
Scattering,	6
No choice.	

Motion made to adjourn. Voted by ballot not to adjourn. Motion to adjourn on yeas and nays being taken, Moderator declared the Meeting adjourned to Wednesday at 9 A. M.

On Wednesday, June 2d at 9 o'clock A. M. the Meeting was called to order, and the same gentlemen who were nominated the day previous for 2d 3d 4th and 5th Council Men were re-nominated.

Committee Report on Silas H. Debois' petition.—Voted to grant relief to Silas H. Debois and to allow him \$500, as recommended by the Committee.

Polls for Town Council closed at 1 P. M.

Whole number of votes for 2d Council man,	496
Necessary to a choice,	249
Thomas Spooner,	308
Geo. C. Shaw,	87
James A. Green,	101
Thomas Spooner was declared elected.	
Whole number of votes for 3d Council man,	506
Necessary to a choice,	253
Seth W. Macy,	314
Alex. McGregor,	87
Seth W. Macy was declared elected.	
Whole number of votes for 4th Council man,	508
Necessary to a choice,	253
Philip Stevens,	310
Elisha Atkins,	80
Benj. Finch,	118
Philip Stevens was declared elected.	
Whole number of votes for 5th Council man,	505
Necessary to a choice,	253
Joseph B. Weaver,	312
Clarke Weaver,	89
Wm. Brownell,	103
Joseph B. Weaver was declared elected.	

Justices of the Peace elected by hand vote—Geo. C. Shaw, Joseph Joelen, Joseph A. Carr, and William H. Read.

Geo. Freeborn elected Town Treasurer without opposition.

Voted that the Committee on Old Burial Ground, be directed to settle their accounts with the Town Council.

Voted that William A. Clarke, William Stevens, and William J. Roberts be a committee to have charge of the Old Burial Ground and that they be empowered to expend one hundred dollars in repairs of said grounds.

Town Treasurer's report, receipts and expenditures read and received.

The questions of sweeping Public Schools and of singing in said schools, left to Public School Committee.

Motion made that a City Government be applied for to the General Assembly: 127 in favor and 11 against; so the resolutions passed.

Resolutions to instruct Council to elect officers passed by a vote of 109 to 42.

Finance Committee instructed to confer with J. H. Record and heirs of Thomas Harkness in relation to Mills.

Committee to draft City Charter, Geo. Turner, Henry E. Turner, and William D. Lake.

Resolution to instruct Senate and Representatives to General Assembly, to have a law passed requiring that in all cases where unpaved streets are graded, the street Commissioner shall put down a curbing at the expense of the owners of property, on such streets.

Finance Report read and received. Voted that a tax of not less than \$24,000, nor more than \$25,000 be assessed, and that it be collected and paid into the Town Treasury on or before the expiration of 60 days after the collector of taxes receives the Tax Book. Voted that the salary of Collector of Taxes be \$200. Voted that \$75 be allowed to Assessors of Taxes.

Report of Commissioners of Asylum read and received.

Report of Fire Wardens read and received.

Voted, that a Committee be appointed to see what can be done about the Old Stone Mill and the land on which it stands. Committee, Samuel Brown, J. O. Burdick and Joseph B. Weaver.

Voted, to instruct Council to grant licenses to retail liquor to the 19th of July.

Geleuk Peckham having been hurt on one of the roads of the Town, John T. Bush, James A. Green and John G. Weaver were appointed a committee to confer with Mr. Peckham, if the town is liable for damages.

Voted, that one hundred dollars be expended for the celebration of the 4th of July. Geo. H. Norman, W. D. Lake, Philip Rider, William Newton and George Burroughs were appointed to carry the above vote into effect.

John T. Bush, W. T. Cogdon and Thos. B. Sherman were appointed a committee to plant a sufficient number of trees on land at the head of the Town, at an expense not to exceed \$25.

Adjourned, sine die.

We have on our desk several communications which shall appear in order.

Extract of a letter from an American in Sweden to his friend at home.

Stockholm, April 23, 1852.

***** In fact my dear F.—I suppose that we have all a kind of recantment, or at least a disinclination for the idea that Columbus was not the first great Explorer of the far western Atlantic; with me the thought has always been unwelcome,—but whether it is because I am weary-faring among the Northmen, and therefore am naturally asking about their misty ancestors, or whether I have been somewhat won over to their side of the question by what one meets among them at the present day,—the result of study has certainly been to give me much interest in the Viking Rovers, and considerable faith in the chronicles of the Icelanders, as well as in their curious old Sagas,—traditions originally oral.

Iceland was discovered and peopled nearly six hundred years before the birth of Columbus, by a race of Norwegian adventurers who preserved their independence for 400 years. They had a constitution and a form of government purely republican.—One of their Presidents was the renowned Snorro Sturluson, whose editorial genius has made him the delight of the Northern antiquary,—but long before his time, and indeed during the greater part of the period of Iceland independence, the chronicles had been regularly at their work.

There is indeed no doubt that early in life Columbus went to Iceland, where the people were, as now, singularly well informed, and proud of their ancestors, and of their ancestors' glory. There is no country it appears in which the lower classes are so well informed. An Iceland peasant will often address a traveller in latin, and recount to him whole chapters of classic record of the olden times. That Columbus escaped this we may ardently hope, but as he really was in Iceland, and as, setting sail with the Northern Skippers he penetrated further, and entered several degrees within the polar circle, it seems just possible that during this period of his life, he may have learned some little of—but this is treason; and let us resolve dear F.—never to believe that he saw or heard a syllable of those half dozen chronicles who at different times and with surprising uniformity wrote from the words of Explorers themselves,—let us therefore be resolved never to suppose that Columbus ever learned a syllable, unless the barometer covered keg, that was picked up last summer in the Strait of Gibraltar (and which they tell us was thrown overboard by himself in a storm on his first voyage,) shall at length disclose some terrible confession,—as it were,—in extenuation.

Be this as it may, my friends in Bergen claim that their ancestors not only were in America in the year 1001, but had establishments there for the succeeding 246 years, and as old Rhode Island and Connecticut are much concerned in the large and unliquidated claim, it has been a labor of love to grapple with the Scandinavian lore, and I make it a task of love to write what I am dwelling in the ancient "officina gentium." The old historic title must admit to be fair, if the sons of Scandinavia ever picked-nick at the Spouting Rock,—so let us look at her chronicles of A. D. 1001.

Once upon a time there was a man—a Norwegian—whose name was Herjolfr, and who with his son Biarn sailed north in ships, and trafficked from land to land. He was descended from Earl Ingolf who more than a hundred years before had founded the colony in Iceland, and like the Vikings of his native Norway, Herjolfr and his son were most at home upon the stormy sea.—By some strange accident they were once and for the first time separated. The pious Biarn, in search like a Northern Telamachus, wandered about in vain from port to port, and at length turned his restless prow to far away Greenland. Steering by the stars, and groping about the wide waste of ocean with such experience as men in those old days could have (it was exactly 851 years ago) the bold Biarn at last sailed with prosperous gales; but a fierce storm succeeding, drove him miles and miles from a wide, flat and woody coast, which the rover knew could not be Greenland. A vast summer looking cape lay invitingly on his larboard bow, but the long prayer for South West wind had risen like an angry Mentor, and Biarn shutting out temptation bore away for Greenland's icy mountains.—Reward followed close upon his self-denial, and he was locked in his father's arms. Mentioning his friend Biarn had seen, and was the first of Europeans to see—AMERICA!—but Herjolfr and his son, thirty traders both, had ever found the Ocean and the shores their father had known, quite vast enough for them, and were therefore well content to ship a cargo for a homeward voyage. Left, however, an Iceland noble, and son to the red Eric, resolved to pursue the adventure. His father, Earl Eric, twenty years before had been driven from the peaceful colony in Iceland because of his bloody land.—Collecting his sons and his liegemen he sailed boldly away to the West 800 miles and more, and entered at last a deep bay, which he called Eric's fiord, and named the land around him Greenland. Finding the new region as good as Iceland, he sent his son Leif to Norway with messages to King Olaf, describing the magnificence of Greenland. The King who was already a christian, having received from Leif the promise of his father's and of his own conversion, sent them forthwith assistance; men, provisions, missionaries and finally a Bishop,—so that churches and convents were built in Greenland. In a word, the Greenland colony was quite able to take up the unfinished adventures of Biarn, and Leif was the champion. His aged father himself would have headed the enterprise, but his horse stumbled as he rode to the ship, and the Northern 800 years ago was warned by the omen. Leif, however, heeded a surer footed steed and embarked all undaunted. His shipmanned with a crew of 35 fearless rovers, sailed away through the maiden waves of the West, and Biarn's land of promise rose to the sight. It was Newfoundland, but the Northmen called it Hellaland, and unsatisfied with its flat aspect, turned Southward to pleasant coasts, and landed in Nova Scotia, naming it Markland, the land of the plains. The favored ship speeding with the breeze coasted along beautiful and shady regions, with corn and fruit growing wild in the fields, a paradise land the Northmen. Rivers and lakes teeming with fish, and an atmosphere soft and balmy in the "Skordemund," (the harvest moon of the year) filled the measure of temptation, and the Northmen built their cabins for the winter.

The ship was moored, and all lands busy on shore. One day a German sailor named Tyker, from Rhineland watered off in the charming fields and came upon tall clustering vines bending with rich clusters of grapes; he seized an armful of the ripest and hastened to teach the Northmen how on the hill side of his native river, men made the sparkling wine. "Vinland!" cried Leif, "a deep Skol for Vinland!" and Vinland thenceforward was the Northmen's name for our modern Isles of Rhode Island.

The old authors thought the Baptism unfortunate, spite of groves and the halcyon verdure of the fields: the old authors were right,—for the wild grape broke the promises of Tyker.

Leif returned in the spring to Greenland; the winter had been far milder than his men had ever known before, and so rapturous was the general report, that Thorwald, Leif's brother, embarked the same year. He passed his winter in the Cabins of Leif, and in the Summer made excursions into the country, discovering an archipelago of little islands with leafy groves along the white shelving beaches; but where traces of man or beast, excepting a single strange wood pile, in form like a pyramid. A second winter was comfortable in the old quarters, and when spring came again, the ship was found to be so much disabled that half of the summer was required for repairing, a new keel was needed, and the place of the sturdy shipwrights was named Kiallaars,—the Cape of the Keel.

At length all was ready, and the helm was put up for a cruise to the Eastward. They sailed along shore in calm summer seas, and attracted one day by the beauty of a deep fiord, the ship was brought to, and anchored. Thorwald pulled ashore with a boat's crew, and was amazed to discover, moored in a shady spot, three birch canoes, with a red man sleeping in each. Impudently and barbarously he gave instant orders for their death. One, however, dashed with swift paddle-strokes across the fiord, swifter than the flight of Thorwald's lance, and when the Northmen reposed in their turn, fleets of the red men covered the little bay,—the cliff echoes rang startled with war song, loud arrows and darts whistled through the air, but fell harmless and blunted. The Northmen braved the storm with their stout bucklers of hide.

The Savages whom Thorwald contemptuously named *Skrælingues* (pony men) and who are thus known in all the Norwegian ballads and chronicles, believed it vain to contend against invulnerable strangers, and after an hour's conflict, were seized with panic and fled. They had done more mischief, however, than was ever known to themselves. One fatal arrow revenged their murdered comrades, and struck down Thorwald himself with a mortal wound. "Let the cross" said the dying rover (the chronicles thus make him a christian) "let the cross of the Saviour be laid on my grave"—and his tomb was built on the headland *Kor-nars*, the Cape of the cross.

The Survivors bore home the news to Greenland, whereupon Thorwald's son Thorstein, (both names are from the Scandinavian God of war,) resolved to recover the body of his father. He embarked early in the year 1006, and took with him his wife, the beautiful Gudrida, who was destined, but not with young Thorstein, to be the first of European females to cross the ocean, and to bear upon its farther shore a christian child. With Thorstein, however, all was unfortunate. Tempest-tossed and driven irreversibly northward, his ship was thrown far back in Baffin's Bay, upon a coast so far remote that he was forced to winter in a fatal climate.—Thorstein himself and more than half of his crew fell victims to exposure, but happily Gudrida returned and laid her husband's body in the christian's tomb in Greenland.

Next year the most considerable expedition of all was undertaken by a wealthy Icelandic, Thorfin, whose genealogy is carefully preserved by the chronicles. He arrived in Greenland with a numerous retinue in 1007, and having espoused the discomfited Gudrida, became possessed of Thorstein's right to all the establishments in Narragansett Bay. He set sail promptly with bride and five attendant bondsmen. His cargo was a precious collection of domestic animals, cattle and sheep, and he had tools and weapons and abundant provision.—His ship moreover was manned with sixty picked Norwegians—men whose nerves were strung amid the dangers of their own Maeldrom, and whose reckless spirits could never brook King Olaf's home reforms.

The voyage was in every thing prosperous, the landing was safely effected, and the Summer was passed in establishing themselves for winter. The cattle and the sheep roamed in the pastures, and a young bull threw so prodigiously that his strength and ferocity surpassed everything the Norsemen had ever seen. In the spring came the *Skrælingues* with precious skins and furs to traffic, but fled away dismayed at the frightful roar of the bull. They came back however encouraged, and Thorfin prudently commanded that no weapons whatever be sold them. Gudrida and her women offered cheese and sweet milk, and in return received from the delighted *Skrælingues* their most valued commodities. Quarrels however could not be avoided. The Savages were forced to retire, and the Norsemen had to guard their cabins with stockades.

Three happy years were passed in tranquility.—The visits of the *Skrælingues* became peaceful, and in the summer of the fourth year, leaving the colony prosperous, Thorfin and Gudrida, with the little Snorro, their Vinland born son, returned to Iceland, their Vinland born son, returned to Iceland, their Vinland born son, returned to Iceland.

Under the offered to go back with them, and many successful and prosperous voyages were made.—Finally Thorfin gave the direction of Vinland affairs to other chiefs, and spent his later days in Iceland where he lived in an antique hall like a Lagman of Norway. He died in a green old age and Gudrida, after a pilgrimage to Rome, returned to a cloister and church which her son Snorro had built on the lands of his father, and piously devoted the remainder of her days to God.

Thus and thus runs the tale of ancient mariners of Norway,—and thus and thus the old chronicles, read nightly about the family circle, delight the long winter evenings of modern Norwegians. Different authors give the narratives with marvellous uniformity; but they appear more minutely than elsewhere in the so called "Manuscript of Flatey"—written, its author asserts, from the words of Thorfin himself. Iceland historians of later dates speak abundantly of Vinland, but as the expeditions after that of Thorfin varied little from his, the chronicles contented themselves with describing more minutely those only which are remarkable. One, whom the critics have considered among the most authentic, relates the story of a Saxon priest, Johan, who went to Vinland a missionary, and was there condemned to death. In 1121 a Greenland bishop named Eric, undertook the same errand, but his fate appears never to have been known, and indeed from this period Vinland was gradually forgotten.—The colony of Thorfin does not appear to have been much reinforced after his death. His successors explored more southerly coasts, and landed in New York and New Jersey. War broke out in Narragansett with the *Skrælingues*, and notwithstanding the superior arms and defenses of the colonists, the little land gradually wasted away,—but not before they had built such monuments on the Rhode Island coasts, as will puzzle antiquaries in centuries to come.

The expeditions of the Northmen were not confined to Southern latitudes. In 1263, led on by their priests, they penetrated Barrow's Straits and Lancaster Sound, not perhaps in search of a northwest passage, but to pick up drift wood, as they thought from Siberia, and to kill sea bears and whales. At length Greenland was swept by the plague, a few straggling survivors were murdered by the natives, and although Pope Nicholas V. appointed a bishop to Greenland in 1418, the chronicles of the north were dumb a hundred years before. Iceland had fallen from her high estate, she was a tributary, dependant upon foreign kings, and all that her enterprise, and the indomitable courage of her Northmen heroes had found on the western oceans, sunk deep below the horizon of human knowledge, until again brought up by an immortal hero from the south like "drowned honor by the locks."

The general truth and fidelity of the Iceland chronicles are thought well attested, and modern students seek in vain through the antique pages for a statement improbable or overstrained. Harmony to a surprising degree exists in the narratives, and that they were written at the time is rendered certain by the testimony of continental contemporaries; and especially by the virtuous Adam of Bremen, a priest, who wrote less than half a century after the first discoveries of Biarn and Leif. Adam gathered his narrative from the King of Denmark, Sweyn, and other personages of the day. He was long entertained at the Danish court, and speaks of the American discoveries as facts and certainties, every where known, and indeed when we bear in mind the hardihood of the ancient Northmen, their great maritime skill and daring, and that unquenched thirst for roving and adventure which led them to expeditions all so hazardous as these to America, it becomes less hard to have faith in Biarn and shake hands with Adam of Bremen, Old French and German writers say that they found among certain northern tribes of Indians, distinguishing peculiarities quite sufficient to satisfy them that they were a colony of Europeans degenerated into Savages.

through misery and destitution,"—such are the words of the learned traveller, Father Charlevoix. But without

100

Roger Williams Stove.

This superior Cooking Stove is not surpassed, it is equalled by no other Stove now in the market. It has the largest oven of any stove of the same size, and is fitted to burn either wood or coal; it possesses great advantages over all competitors. This Stove is warranted to give satisfaction in every way, and if not found so, after a trial of two weeks, it may be returned.

Constantly on hand, a good assortment of Tin Ware, and a general assortment of articles usually found at such an establishment. Every article of Tin or Sheet Iron work made at short notice, and jobbing and mending attended to with punctuality. A share of patronage solicited.

Jan. 21. R. F. WILLIAMS, 75 Thames St.

Newport Iron Foundry,

FOOT OF HOWARD STREET, NEWPORT, R.I.
THE SUBSCRIBERS, having made arrangements to carry on an extensive business, are now prepared to furnish castings of all kinds, and to do all kinds of iron work at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

They have on hand, and are weekly receiving, *Pattern Plates* of every variety; suitable for *Chester, Stirling, Park, Balmory*, or any other ornamental purpose; and are prepared to put up the same on as reasonable terms as can be offered by any establishment in the country. Ornamental fences of iron, will now come into general use, as they can be put up at the cost of a wooden one. Persons in want of a fence will do well to call and examine our patterns before making a selection.

We have, in connection with the Foundry, an experienced Pattern Maker, who is prepared to furnish patterns with dispatch, and on reasonable terms.

I. N. STANLEY & BROTHER.

July 10, 1851—11.

JAMES W. LYON,

PLUMBER, BRASS FOUNDER & COPPER SMITH,
No. 226, THAMES STREET,
NEWPORT, R. I.

HAS constantly on hand a variety of Force and Lift Pumps, of his own manufacture, which he warrants equal, if not superior to any before offered in this market.

Also, Water Closes, Wash Bowls, Crotons and Cisterns, Faucets, and every description of Plumbing Material, of various qualities and prices, as cheap as can be bought elsewhere.

Also, Pure black Tin Pipe, warranted not to injure the water in any way and fitted in the best style to Pumps and all other purposes.

Having previously been employed as an experienced Plumber, he is prepared to execute all orders in his line with neatness and dispatch.

Lead Pipe and Sheet Lead of various sizes on hand, also, all kinds of Brass and Composition Castings made to order. Ship Castings of all kinds on hand and made to order at short notice.

JAMES W. LYON.

Having been appointed agent of the Hudson Gutta Percha Manufacturing Co., is now prepared to furnish any quantity of Gutta Percha Pipe and sheet do. The pipe may be fitted to any of the uses to which lead has been applied. For conveying cold water possesses many advantages over lead as it is not affected by any of the acids or alkalies, it is entirely tasteless, does not soil any kind of water, will not rot and cannot be burnt by fire. The sheet may be applied to any use to which sheet lead may be applied, and peculiarly adapted to lining water tanks and reservoirs and also for water closets.

Grateful for past favors, he hopes by strict attention to his business to merit the approbation of his customers. All work warranted not to fail until worn out.

April 17, 1852.

N. M. CHAFFEE,

HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE LOT OF

GREATLY

Reduced Prices!

CHAIN PUMPS,

Reduced from 12 cents to 8 cents per pound.

WHEEL and GEAR from \$1.25 to \$2.25 each.

TUBING 8 cents per foot.

IRON PUMPS,

OF ALL SIZES—VERY CHEAP,

from \$1.875 to \$4.

COPPER PUMPS,

from \$2.50 to \$600.

If you want your money's worth, call at

CHAFFEE'S,

May 1. 210 Thames Street.

TIMELY HINTS TO ALL

How many have lost a father, a mother, a sister, a brother, or an innocent and prattling child, and have not even a shadow of a remembrance to look upon. After the separation comes little by little, and a trifling article of apparel, often is kept for years, and cherished as a token of remembrance how much more valuable would be one of Williams' perfect daguerotype Miniatures of the "Loved and Lost."

There is scarcely any one who does not take pleasure in gazing on the features of a friend, and when that friend has been removed by death, we often hear the exclamation uttered with an expression of deep regret, "Oh, who would I not give for such a picture of my friend!"

Reader, perhaps you cannot do a better thing now, while your mind is upon the subject, than take an hour or two, and go by yourself, or with your family, or your friends, and visit the only artist in our town; and if not now, you may some future period have reason to feel grateful for these "gentle hints" from

J. A. WILLIAMS, Daguerrotype Artist.

Oct. 26, 1850.

COMMISSIONERS & ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS having been appointed by the Hon. Court of Probate, of the town of Newport, Commissioners to receive and examine the claim of the creditors of the estate of MARTHA HATHAWAY, late of Newport, widow deceased, hereby give notice that six months from the 13th day of May instant, are allowed by said Court for the creditors to present, and prove their claims, and we will meet at the Store of Clarke H. Burdick on the afternoons of Tuesday August 3d, Friday September 30th and Saturday Oct. 30th, at 3 o'clock P. M., to receive, examine and report on the same.

CLARKE H. BURDICK, Comm'r.

THOMAS R. OMAN, Comm'r.

JOHN SCOTT

THE SUBSCRIBER having been appointed Administrator on said estate, and having accepted said trust, and been qualified according to law, requests all persons indebted to said deceased, to make immediate payment to him.

JOHN SCOTT, Administrator.

NEWPORT, May 15, 1852—6w.

Co-partnership Notice.

THE UNDERSIGNED have this day formed a Co-partnership under the name of BLISS & STANHOPE, for the purpose of continuing the business heretofore carried on by Wm. H. Bliss, at the old stand No. 117 Thames Street.

W. H. BLISS.

F. A. STANGORP.

Newport, March 1st, 1852—3mo.

TO LET

A large Hall in the third story, and a room 22 by 26 in the second story, over the subscriber's store; for terms, see, apply to

PHILIP RIDER,

171 Thames St.

Press and Naples Eggs, this day rec'd and for sale at

RIDERS,

171 Thames St.

SHIPPED and Packed Canned Sals, at low prices, a good variety for sale by

F. LAWTON & BROTHERS.

100-104 and 104-106 Bursley and Irish Street.

Engl. also 6-8 and 8-4 pillar of the best of the best, for sale by

F. LAWTON & BROTHERS.

April 24.

READY MADE CLOTHING

JUST RECEIVED AT THE

OREGON

CLOTHING STORE.

A LARGE and WELL SELECTED assortment of Fashionable Ready Made Clothing adapted expressly to the Spring Trade consisting in part of Dress and Frock Coats, Sack Coats of Blue, Black, and Brown, Ties, &c.

Patterns of Blue and Black 1d Cloth, Fancy Cassimeres, Dressing, Sattinett, Jeans, Tweeds, &c.

Vests of Plain Black Satin, Figured do, Plain Silk, Fancy Silk and a variety of other articles.

Also on hand a good assortment of Shirts, Drawers, Collars, Bosoms, Hdkts, Cravats, Stocks, Suspenders, Socks, and a variety of Fancy articles.

SPRING STYLE OF

HATS & CAPS.

KOSMUTH HATS, at exceedingly low prices. A large assortment of TRUNKS, of all sizes, Valises, Carpet Bags, Umbrellas, &c.

Please call and examine our goods at the

OREGON CLOTHING STORE,

CORNER OF THAMES AND FRANKLIN STREETS.

April 3. STEPHEN HAMMETT.

Furnished House To Let.

THE elegantly furnished House situated on Washington Square, and facing the Mall, one of the most beautiful locations in the town, and the former residence of LUTY H. GALE Esq., of New Orleans, will be let furnished, for the season. For particulars, enquire at the store of

D. & N. GOULD,

Newport, Dec. 6. No. 70 Thames street.

Farm for Sale,

IN PORTSMOUTH.

THE Farm late the residence of Capt. John Stanton, pleasantly situated on the East shore of this Island; second farm North of the Glen, containing 56 acres, a convenient two story house and out buildings, two orchards &c. For further particulars, enquire of

ISAAC GOULD,

No. 70 Thames street.

Newport, Aug. 9, 1851.

For Sale,

THE House and lot at the corner of Washington-Sq., and Thames Street, known as the "Lighthouse," for further information apply to either subscribers.

WM. F. BATEMAN,

SETH BATESMAN.

Jan. 17-18.

Newport and Providence.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

The Steamer PERRY, Captain

Woolsey, will on and after Monday,

March 22, 1852, leave Newport at 8.30 A. M. for

Providence at 2 P. M.

Fare 50 Cents.

Passengers leaving Newport at 8.30 A. M. train of cars, at Providence, and arrive in Boston at 12.45 M.

Passengers leaving Boston, via the Boston and Providence Railroad, by the 11 A. M. train, will take the Steamer Perry at Providence at 2 P. M., and arrive at Newport at 4 P. M.

Passengers between Boston and Newport, \$1.50.

Passengers and their baggage transported between the cars and boat free.

NEWPORT AND WORCESTER.

The Steamer PERRY, Captain

Woolsey, will on and after Monday,

March 22, 1852, leave Newport at 8.30 A. M. for

Providence at 2 P. M., and arrive in Newport at 4 P. M.

Passengers between Boston and Newport, \$1.50.

Passengers and their baggage transported between the cars and boat free.

NEWPORT AND WORCESTER.

The Steamer PERRY, Captain

Woolsey, will on and after Monday,

March 22, 1852, leave Newport at 8.30 A. M. for

Providence at 2 P. M., and arrive in Newport at 4 P. M.

Passengers between Boston and Newport, \$1.50.

Passengers and their baggage transported between the cars and boat free.

NEWPORT AND WORCESTER.

The Steamer PERRY, Captain

Woolsey, will on and after Monday,

March 22, 1852, leave Newport at 8.30 A. M. for

Providence at 2 P. M., and arrive in Newport at 4 P. M.

Passengers between Boston and Newport, \$1.50.

Passengers and their baggage transported between the cars and boat free.

NEWPORT AND WORCESTER.

The Steamer PERRY, Captain

Woolsey, will on and after Monday,

March 22, 1852, leave Newport at 8.30 A. M. for

Providence at 2 P. M., and arrive in Newport at 4 P. M.

Passengers between Boston and Newport, \$1.50.

Passengers and their baggage transported between the cars and boat free.

NEWPORT AND WORCESTER.

The Steamer PERRY, Captain

Woolsey, will on and after Monday,

March 22, 1852, leave Newport at 8.30 A. M. for

Providence at 2 P. M., and arrive in Newport at 4 P. M.

Passengers between Boston and Newport, \$1.50.

Passengers and their baggage transported between the cars and boat free.

BOSTON CARDS.

May, 1852,

Merchant, Manufacturers, and all others going to Boston for supplies, are respectfully invited to give their attention to, and preserve a copy of the following list of BUSINESS CARDS.

REMOVAL.

A. N. JOHNSON, 30 School St.

Publisher of the *Post-Occasional School Song Book*, which has been adopted in the Public Schools of Boston and Roxbury, and is decidedly the best juvenile music book ever published. Sole Agent for the celebrated *Dolce Campana Piano Fortes*.

A full assortment of *Low Price Piano Fortes* always on hand. Purchasers of piano fortis will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment before purchasing, as every instrument is carefully selected by one of the best piano forte players in Boston.

NEW SERAPHINE & MELODEON.

The Subscriber has been appointed Sole Agent for Horton's PATENT SERAPHINES. These instruments are so constructed that the labor of blowing is entirely avoided, and all shades of expression, from very soft to very loud, are produced by simply pressing the foot upon a pedal.

Also, always on hand, one of the largest stock of MELODEONS, SERAPHINES and REED ORGANS, of all makers and varieties, to be found in the country. A. N. JOHNSON.

30 School Street, opposite City Hall.

BRIGGS & ROBINSON,

No. 27 Commercial Street,

Boston.

DEALERS IN PAINTS, OILS, WINDOW GLASS,

Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, &c.

AND MANUFACTURERS OF JAPAN & COPAL VARNISH.

J. W. MASON,

SHIP AND ORNAMENTS

CARVER.

No. 46 COMMERCIAL STREET, BOSTON.

HORATIO WOODMAN,

114 Washington Street,

Pays the highest cash price for Land Warrants, and old Illinois Land Patents.

100 MEN WANTED!

FORTHE WHALING BUSINESS.

CARPENTERS, BLACKSMITHS, COOPERS, BOATBUILDERS, and LANDSMEN, wanted at all times to whom the highest wages and best pay will be given.

YOUNG MEN from the country, who intend trying their fortunes in the Whaling Business, will always find papers open and the best encouragement, at the office, No. 54 Commercial Street, Boston.

FRANCIS FLUKER.

DANIEL J. CARRUTH, Dealer in

TORRACO, SNUFF, CIGARS, PIPES, WINES, ALCOHOL, CIDER, &c., &c., Wholesale & Retail.

No. 3 & 4 Gerrish Block, Blackstone St., Boston.

Patent Wrought Iron Railing.

For Cemeteries, Houses, Piazza, Balconies, &c. Window Guards and Gratings, Farm and Railroad Fence.

FLANDERS PATENT PUMP.

For SHIPS, FACTORIES, RAILROAD STATIONS, HOUSES, &c., &c. The best article in use. Manufactured by T. LYMAN & CO., and for sale by their Sole Agent,

JOHN B. HATCH, 58 Water Street, Boston.

New England Truss Manufactory,

JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER

—MANUFACTURER OF—

Ratchet & Spiral Trusses,

467 Washington Street, 467

BOSTON, MASS.

All the various approved trusses constantly for sale. Lenses selected on by Mrs. C. D. Foster, who has had 20 years experience in the business.

HANSON HOTEL, No. 3, Tremont Row.

Directly opposite head of Hanover Street, Boston. Good accommodation for Ladies, as well as Gentlemen. Board only \$1.00 per day.

J. L. HANSON, PROPRIETOR.

JOEL H. HOLDEN,

FURNITURE AND FEATHER WAREHOUSES,

83 Hanover & 65 Blackstone Streets, Boston.

All kinds and qualities—Wholesale and Retail.

WM. D. RICE,

Manufacturer of SODA FOUNTAINS,

on a new and improved plan, and also all kinds of COPPER WORK, done at shortest notice, &c.

66 Merriam Street, Boston.

WHITON, TRAIN & CO.,

Ship Chandlers, and Manufacturers of Cordage,

No. 1, CITY WHARF, BOSTON.

E. T. WHITON, WM. B. TRAIN, WM. WHITON.

Anchors, Chain, Cables, Ship Spikes, Windlass

Necks and Patent Windlass Gearing, Sail Cloth, Twine, Bunting, Paints, Oil,

Varnish, Naval Stores, &c., &c.

GUTHA PERCHA PIPE.

FOR AQUEDUCTS, PUMPS, HYDRAULIC

RAMS.

Manufacture Office, 13 Kilgus St., Boston.

CHARLES STODDER, AGENT.

REMOVAL—Warren Sawyer.

No. 3 & 4 Blackstone and 5 Clinton Street.

UNDER THE NEW ENGLAND HOUSE.

Where may constantly be found a good assortment of Tanners' & Curriers' Tools, Lamp Glass, Cutch, Machine Knives, &c. Also, a good assortment of Oak and Hemlock Harness Leather. All orders promptly attended to.

JAMES H. HALETT & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Feathers, Mattresses, Bedding,

CURLED HAIR, MOSS, &c., &c.

No. 16, Dool Square, BOSTON.

Also, Mattresses and Beds cleaned and refitted in a superior manner.

TAPPAN & WITTEMORE,

26 Railroad Exchange, Court Square, Boston.

Import Papers and other Stationery from Germany, France and England, they offer, together with an extensive